

and particularly their zealous intolerance of superior men, is perhaps more injurious to religion than any one thing we could name. It is more prolific of serious mischief than the supposed heresies of their victims, for it is a bad day's work when men are disgusted with religion because of the narrowness and bigotry of certain of its authorized guardians, who on the other hand were never supposed to be distinguished for holiness. The man with the optical beam is still fulfilling his self imposed mission of gouging out the mote.

An Era of Words

Words! Words! Words! in impetuous showers, in alpine avalanches, in turgid floods, in long cold drizzles, in hot volcanic eruptions; words squeaking and insectile, words pusillanimous and selfish, words sometimes brave and strong, flashing like the unsheathed lightning and rolling like the chariots of God,—such is this era of words, the like of which the world has never seen. Would that we could witness a renaissance of that wisdom which remembers that "by the words of thy mouth thou shalt be judged." Consider well thy words, for they fly away from thy lips like doves, or wasps, like beams of light or like barbed arrows, like demons or like angels; and flying become a blessing or curse wherever they may happen to fall.

The Noblest Courage

The present circumstances recall the contumely which was heaped upon noncombatants for conscience sake during the civil war. Everywhere they were branded as cravens and cowards. Their religious convictions on the subject of war were ridiculed as mere pretense, and they were exposed to every sort of contempt and insult. The war votaries sought popular applause by denouncing the peace people in private and in public, behind their backs and before their faces, and popular applause rewarded this coarse persecution. The assertion of a prominent German Baptist (B. F. Moomaw) elder in the South was true that it took more courage to avow the peace doctrine in those days than to march to the mouth of belching cannon. Moral courage is of nobler, more stalwart, more inspiring type than physical courage. An animal, a dog, may possess the latter, but the former is one of those crowns of glorious manhood which eighteen centuries have handed down from Jesus Christ.

A Depraved Impulse

How eagerly the populace snuff war. It is a dearly loved incense in their nostrils, stirring the turgid depths of a gross sensibility and awaking to unwholesome life all the coarser elements of depraved animal nature. This wide sweeping, devouring flame of war sentiment is not easily analyzed. Could we trace all the intricate, dark labarynths of the

human heart we might detect the lurking, sinister, selfish, wolf-eyed and panther clawed impulses which send up the surging, turbulent tides of war ardor now sweeping away a Christian nation. That generous impulses also abound we will not deny,—to break the arm of the wicked oppressor, to set at liberty the captives, to usher an afflicted people into the blessed light of liberty, these purposes harmonize with the spirit of a Christian civilization, which uses even while it abhors the scourge of war for the chastisement of the wicked and the deliverance of a nation. History furnishes abundant evidence that God has more than once taken this awful scourge into his own hands, but no less is it abhorred by every instinct of his nature, and devoted to eternal abolishment. Let God's people pray for the speedy coming of the time when "the meek shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

An Age of Irreverence

One characteristic of our age, growing more and more conspicuous, is lack of reverence for parents, for the Sabbath, for God's house, for the church, for the Bible. It is a serious fault for its basis is a flippant levity which is fatal to the growth of strong character and the incoming of godliness. It is growing fashionable to repudiate all moral authority, to strike out against restraints of every kind, to assume a liberty of thought, speech and action which constantly gravitates toward license, and to walk abroad enveloped in a cloak of arrogant self sufficiency. It is also growing fashionable to take nothing seriously, to turn everything into jest, life and death, time and eternity, heaven and hell. A man who takes himself seriously, who believes he has a mission in the world, is looked upon as a crank, a faddist. God save the world from an age of flippancy. Let the earnest, honest, serious man magnify his office. He stands in the breach of a world.

Ashland University

On an other page appears the final announcement of the settlement of Ashland University debt. It will be observed that the committee promised the creditors the proceeds from the sales of certain lots now belonging to the University grounds. This, in our judgment, is eminently proper, as there remains enough land for all practical purposes, in fact more than is needed. We have room here for 500 University boys and young men to spread themselves and then spare some on which to raise corn and potatoes to feed them.

The final liquidation of this debt is cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving to Almighty God. Would it not be in place to fix April 24 as a day of thanksgiving for this deliverance. We now see new hope for the

Brethren church, and we trust that the whole church will unite in an effort for a grand opening next fall. The school must start at once. We cannot afford to lose another year. The opportunity is now at our door and it becomes us to make the very best of it.

The Institutional Church

The institutional church, or the church with always open doors, with every variety of saving work going on without intermission, with all those auxiliaries which tend to make it an attractive daily and nightly resort for the masses, is doubtless the coming church of influence in the large cities. But how shall we engraft the idea upon the village church, or more difficult still upon the country church? In cold silence it stands well bolted thro the long week, opening once perhaps for a drowsy prayer meeting, and then presenting again its most familiar aspect of funeral gloom. The best correction of this mistake of wasted days can be found perhaps in multiplied organizations, with popular and attractive programs for each night of the week, or by enlarging the scope of the young people's societies already organized. Suppose they should deliver a choice musical program one night, a literary program the next, a public discussion the next, a prayer service the next, a popular lecture the next, and so on throughout the week. Ample and varied exercises would thus be afforded the young talent of the community, and the church would enlarge its uplifting office, and more emphatically become, as it ought to be, a center of culture and a force of wholesome inspiration to those who dwell within reach of its doors.

A Disgrace to Civilization

When the saloon elects the officers of a town or city the saloon will protect the men whom it has elected. And where the saloon is in power there righteousness is on the block. The saloon is in league with the devil, it is his most potent agency in this world of sin, and the wreck and ruin it works are in exact harmony with the designs and purposes of the evil one. The powers of darkness have their true representation in the saloon. The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* reports the following disgraceful events:

Whether Cincinnati is in some respects any better than a heathen city, is yet to be determined. A series of events lately occurring, not yet concluded, make this an open question. Briefly stated they were these: Some kind of a public school affair was being held in a building where there was a saloon, and also gambling devices. The Rev. G. M. Hammill, of the editorial staff of the "Western Christian Advocate," and the Rev. Charles Pelton, a Presbyterian minister, visited the place, and seeing gambling going on, requested a police officer to put a stop to it. This he refused to do, and became abusive toward these gentlemen, be-